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17



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her father observed. "You'll have to plan carefully to get everything done. And remember —"

"Homework comes first!" they said together.

"I know, Dad." Janey grinned. "Don't worry." The phone rang again, and Janey's mother answered it. She spoke for a while and asked a few questions, then put her hand over the mouthpiece.

"Janey. It's Mr Hubbard on Ravenwood Road. He wants to talk to you."

Janey took the receiver from her mum. "Hello, Mr Hubbard?"

"Hello, Janey. I received your notice this evening, and I believe I could use your assistance."

"I'll bet," Janey thought. In her mind she could picture the timeworn house that Mr Hubbard had moved into six months ago. It was very large, with

an attic and a basement. There was a network of secret passageways, too, she'd heard.

"I'd be happy to help, Mr Hubbard," she said into the phone. "What would you like me to do?"

"Just help me tidy up and care for a few things on a regular basis. You see, I am a historian, and I'm working on a new book. I spend my days doing research, and I teach at the college in the evenings. I'm afraid I don't have time for anything else. If you come over, I could show you around, and we could settle on your fee."

"That sounds fine. I'll be over right after school tomorrow."

"Oh ... no. I'm afraid that won't work. I won't be home until just after dark."

"All right. Would 6.30 be OK?"

"Yes. That would be perfect. Thank you very much."

"I've got another one," Janey beamed as she joined her family at the dinner table.

"I know Mr Hubbard," her older sister, Jennifer, said. "He's just started teaching Eastern European history at the college." She plopped a serving of steaming mashed potatoes on her plate. "He's a bit eccentric."

"In what way, Jen?" her mother asked.

"Well, some of the kids in the class say that he talks about things that happened hundreds of years ago as though he'd actually spoken to someone who lived back then."

Her father passed the vegetables to Janey. "That just sounds as though he's a good teacher. You know what I've always told you about jumping to conclusions. Now, how about passing those rolls?"



In the failing light of dusk, the old house did look a bit creepy. As promised, Janey was standing in the porch at exactly 6.30. She rang the doorbell and heard it echo through the large rooms inside. There was no answer. She rang it again and waited. She stepped back and tried to peer in through the window, then turned her attention back to the door. It was wide open, and Mr Hubbard was standing there, staring down at her.

"Oh!" she started. "I didn't hear you."

"I'm sorry," he said, smiling. His face seemed a little uncomfortable with the expression. "I didn't mean to frighten you. Please, come in."

The inside of the house was as old and worn-looking as the outside, but it was filled with what appeared to be valuable

"Twice a week should be quite sufficient. I don't mind when you do the work. Just be certain to be finished before dusk. I prefer to have the house to myself after that. And one other thing." He pointed to a door at the end of the hall. "That is the basement door. It is always locked because I store my research material down there. Please don't bother with it. I have the only key." He promised to leave her money in an envelope on the mantelpiece at the beginning of each week.

At school the next day, Rachael wanted to hear every detail about Mr Hubbard and the new job. She had already decided that anyone who could live in that house had to be weird.

"I can't believe you really go into that creepy old place!" Rachael wrinkled up her nose.

Janey shook her head. "It's not really that bad. Besides, no one will be there to bother me."

"You mean you're going to go in alone?"

"Sure. Why not?"



antiques. What particularly caught her eye was a beautiful, engraved sword hanging over the fireplace. The hilt was studded with precious stones, and the edge of the blade was clearly razor sharp.

"I am mainly concerned with keeping the front room tidy. I don't want my special mementos collecting dust." Raising an eyebrow, he added, "Besides, students visit me on occasion." He handed her a key.

"Because of all the weird stuff that is going on lately. You know why Tim Williams wasn't at school today? His sister's disappeared! That makes four people missing. Something very strange is going on."

Janey remembered Rachael's words as she entered the house on Ravenwood Road late that afternoon. In spite of her insistence that everything was all right,



something about the place really bothered her. It was so quiet, yet she sensed that she was not alone. As the feeling grew stronger, Janey turned to look over her shoulder as she dusted. Her duster accidentally knocked a small carved box to the floor.

"Oh, no! I hope it isn't broken," she said to herself. Kneeling to pick up the fallen object, she noticed that a word, perhaps a name, was carved in the lid – Trouvese. Then she saw something glittering on the floor, something that must have been in the box. She saw that it was a ring with a large red stone and a distinctive letter "T" inlaid in the centre. She was about to slip it on to her finger when a light scraping noise caught her attention. It was coming from the basement. Something, or someone, was plodding up the stairs. Janey looked at



the lengthening shadows around her. It was late! Trembling, she returned the ring to the box, raced out of the door and ran home.

The next day, Janey stopped at the public library on her way home from school. Methodically, she scrolled through the computerized card catalogue that referred to subjects beginning with "T", searching for the strange name she had seen the evening before.

"Trout, trouveres, Trouvese!" There were two references. She copied the numbers down on a slip of paper and practically sprinted to the bookshelf. Running her finger along the rows of books, Janey found the ones she wanted. One was a book about Eastern European nobility. It included a reprint of an aged and cracked portrait of a nobleman, Baron Trouvese. "Wow," she whispered softly. "He looked an awful lot like Mr Hubbard." Suddenly her eyes grew wide as

she read a detailed description of the Baron's ring. "It's just like the one I found yesterday!" she said out loud.

The second reference to Trouvese was in a book about witchcraft and demons. Janey found the entry she wanted and read it to herself slowly and carefully. "In 1517, a series of disappearances in the village of Pizen caused an outbreak of fear and panic. The blame for the missing children was finally placed on a local noble, Baron Trouvese. He was proclaimed a vampire and put to death by beheading." The portrait shown also looked remarkably like Mr Hubbard. The piece also described the distinctive family ring. Over the page was a drawing of the sword used to execute the accused vampire. It was exactly like the sword that hung over the fireplace of the house on Ravenwood Road!

Janey slammed the book shut. "That's the cause of all the disappearances. Baron Trouvese and Mr Hubbard are one and the same. He's been preying on the students!" Janey felt the panic in her rising. I've got to tell someone, but I'll need proof. I've got to get that ring!" She made copies of the portraits.



In the sky the afternoon sun hung above the horizon. It took a few minutes for her to get to the house, but there was still time. She used her key to enter and stood for a

moment in the marbled hallway, straining to hear the slightest sound. Slowly, she crept into the parlour. The box was as she had left it on the table. Her heart raced as she reached out her hand and...

"Janey, what are you doing here today?"

Her notebook clattered to the floor. Janey whirled round to come face-to-face with Mr Hubbard. He frowned down at her and reached to the floor to pick up the notebook.

"I know what you are," she gasped.

"Do you? And what is that?"

"You're a vampire!"

He began to laugh. "If that's true, aren't I supposed to be tucked away in a coffin somewhere until sunset?"



Janey glanced out of the window. The sun was just sinking to the horizon, but the landscape still glowed with its failing light. Suddenly, she didn't feel quite so sure of herself. "But... the ring... and the pictures."

"Ah, yes." He flipped open the box and took out the ring. "It belonged to a distant relative of questionable character. Supposedly, he was beheaded, you know." He smiled evilly. "The poor villagers didn't know that it was important to burn the body afterwards. Instead, they let the immediate family take it away."

"Then you... you're not..." Janey searched frantically for an avenue of retreat. She backed into the room away from Mr Hubbard.

"Oh, no, my dear girl. I'm as human as you are. It is merely my privilege to be one in a long line of direct family members to care for the Baron's things. You see, the Baron had a brother who did not suffer from the same – shall we call it – 'affliction'?"



It was this devoted brother who claimed the body and continued to care for its 'special needs'. I am directly descended from that brother, so I suppose you might call the Baron my great uncle many times over." Mr Hubbard noticed the copy of the Baron's portrait that had slipped from Janey's notebook to the floor. "The family resemblance is striking, don't you think? It is a large family. When I die, there are others from the homeland who can take my place when he needs them."



The last rays of sunlight faded from the window. "You mean, in case he ever comes back from the dead?"

"Not at all." Mr Hubbard stepped towards the front door and slowly slid the bolt into place. He looked beyond her towards the basement door. "Did I say he was dead?"

A scream caught in Janey's throat as she turned to see the hideous sneer of the ancient Baron Trouvese, who stood in the doorway of the basement. His face was as pale as moonlight, but his fangs glittered and his eyes glowed blood-red as his gaze locked on to hers. The ghastly night creature stepped slowly forward, a

predator that had sighted its helpless victim. Janey couldn't move. She was trapped. The room filled with the stench of death. The Baron licked his colourless lips with a crimson tongue. Paralysed with fear, Janey realised what had happened to the missing students. Clawed hands raised, fangs bared, Baron Trouvese swept towards her.



THE END

OUR HAUNTED WORLD

SpineChiller returns to Europe for some weird tales from Italy...



THE AMAZING FIREBOY

In 1982, 10-year-old Benedetto Supino discovered he had an unusual problem. He was at his home in Formia, Italy, when the comic he was reading burst into flames! On another day, he woke up to find his bedclothes ablaze and his body burnt.

All kinds of things started to smoulder and burn as he passed by, while electrical gadgets broke down. Even the main power supply sometimes failed when Benedetto was around. At various times when bits of machinery refused to work, people noticed that the boy's hands would light up with an eerie glow.

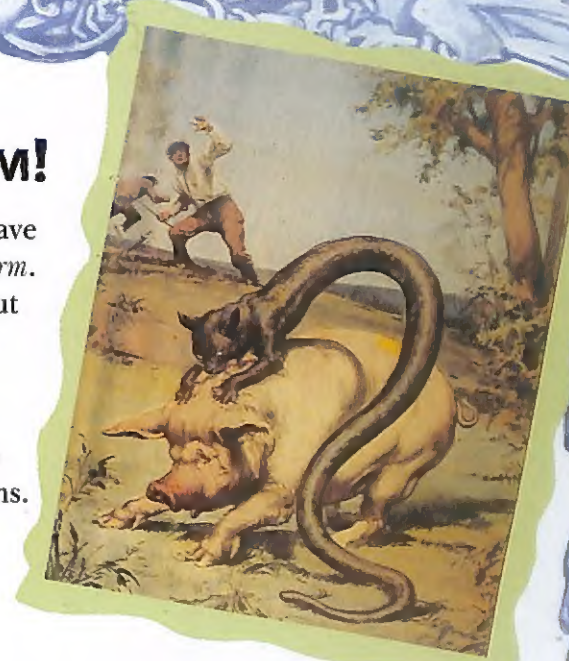
Longing for a normal life, the boy told a journalist, 'I don't want things to catch fire, but what can I do?'



WATCH OUT FOR THE CAT-WORM!

Countless reports of a weird, two-legged worm with claws have come from northern Europe, where it is called the *tatzelwurm*. But in 1954, the first sighting of something very similar but with spooky differences, came from the island of Sicily.

Several farmers living near the capital, Palermo, were terrified to see their pig herds attacked by a cat-headed creature with a long, strong, worm-like tail. It had just one pair of clawed limbs, with which it clung to its piggy victims. The disturbing illustration shown on the right was based on the first-hand description of one of the pig farmers.



CITY IN THE SKY

For centuries, the image of a wonderful city has sometimes appeared in the sky above the Straits of Messina, which lie between Sicily and mainland Italy.

This fabulous sky-city only appears on calm, sunny days, when castles, towers, tree-lined streets, people and herds of animals can clearly be seen. Local people call this effect Fata Morgana, after King Arthur of England's enchantress sister, called Morgan le Fay.

Legend has it that the image in the sky is a reflection of Morgan's enchanted underwater city, believed to be near to the coast of Messina. Scientists, on the other hand, say that Fata Morgana is a mirage caused by unusual weather conditions. Whatever it is, the Italians are very proud of it!



Hanging Around

These 18th-century monks aren't so much resting in peace as 'hanging around'! Their dead bodies are suspended from hooks on the walls of the catacombs below the Convent of the Capucins in Palermo, Sicily. Visitors are either fascinated or terrified by a spooky selection of skeletons and fully-clothed, mummified corpses!

UPS AND DOWNS IN VENICE

A friend of a friend was backpacking round Italy...

1 He fell in love with the city of Venice, where the midsummer firework display on the beach was every bit as wonderful as the posters had promised.



2 After all the yelling of 'Bellissimo!' at the fireworks, he leaned against his rucksack and promptly fell fast asleep on the beach.



3 He awoke at dawn the next day to find that his cash and credit card had been stolen from his bumbag.

4 He told the police and informed his bank of the theft. He then had to wait until that evening for a replacement card. Penniless, he wandered the restaurant-lined streets, feeling hungrier all the time.



5 Finding enough Italian cash for just one drink, he entered a busy cafe. The man sitting opposite him looked a bit ill – and had a huge, full plate of spaghetti in front of him.



6 After five minutes, the hungry traveller got up the courage to say, "Hope you don't mind my asking, but you don't seem to want to eat your pasta. I've not eaten all day 'cos I lost my money... Would you mind if I ate your meal?"



7 The man mumbled in an Aussie accent through the hankie he held at his mouth, "Be my guest, mate... I've already eaten it once!"



ELVIS PRESLEY: DEAD OR ALIVE?

Special Investigation File: 17
 Subject: reported sightings of the dead rock star Elvis Presley
 SpineChiller creates a file

BACKGROUND INFORMATION
 Elvis Presley was born in 1935 in East Tupelo, Mississippi, USA. His family was poor and the marriage of his parents, Gladys and Vernon, unhappy. Gladys went to church every day and took Elvis with her. The church's leaders sang and danced during services, and when Elvis grew up, he performed, too. It quickly became clear that he was highly talented. In his 20s, Elvis recorded songs such as 'Heartbreak Hotel', and made films such as 'Jailhouse Rock'. Soon he was a superstar, known as 'the King'. But fame led to misery. Elvis over-ate and took too many prescription drugs, and in 1977 died in Graceland, his Memphis home. To this day, many fans refuse to believe he is dead and claim to have seen him alive.



Evidence no: 17/1
 Elvis Presley's grave at Graceland

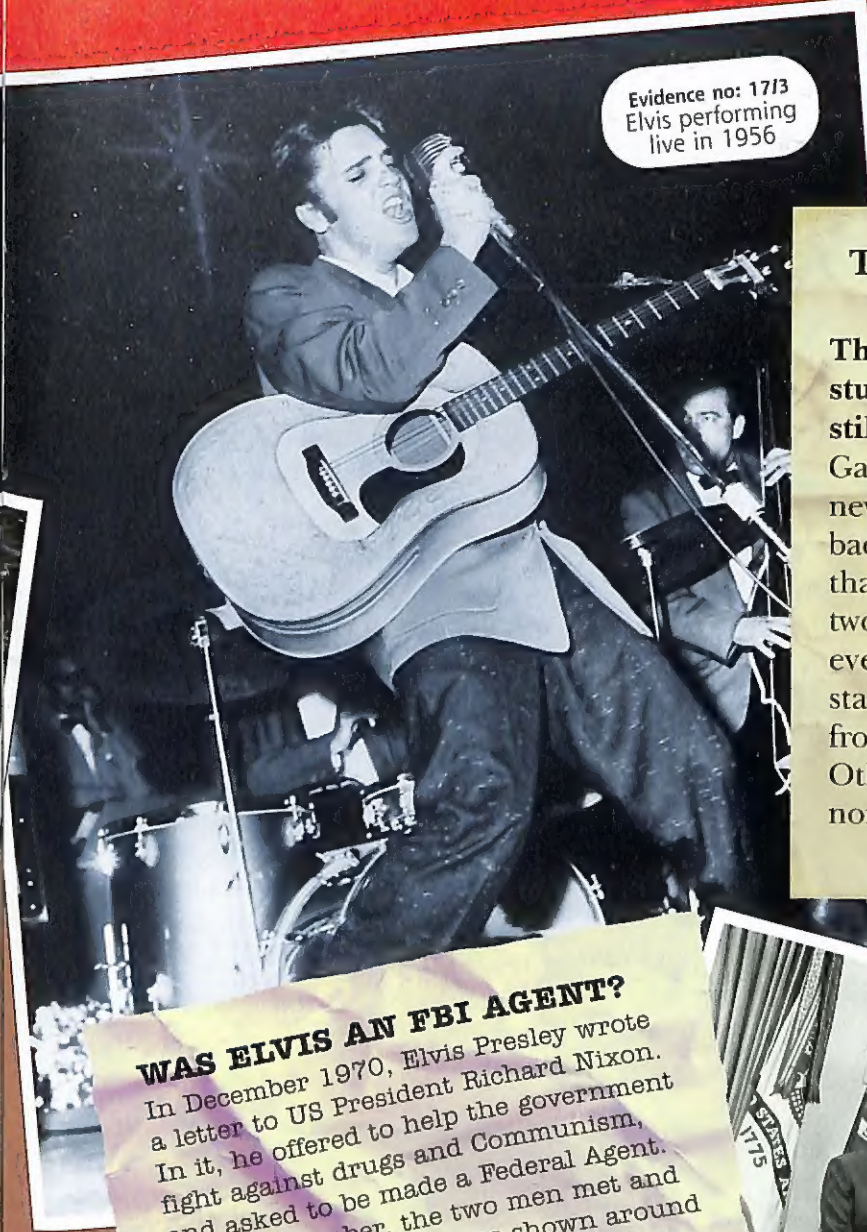
May 1978
'THE KING' LIVES!
 Ginger Alden, Elvis's girlfriend at the time of his death, claims to have seen the singer's ghost.

Ginger Alden knew Elvis from 1976 until he died a year later. She has since declared that they were to be married on Christmas Day 1977. Now, in an extraordinary article in the American magazine 'National Enquirer', she claims she communicates with the star in dreams. What is more, she, her sister Rosemary and her mother all say that they have seen his ghost.



Evidence no: 17/2
 Ginger Alden with a portrait of Elvis

ELVIS



Evidence no: 17/3
 Elvis performing live in 1956

THE PUBLISHING SENSATION OF 1988

The world of popular music has been stunned by new claims that 'the King' still reigns. Our reporter investigates. Gail Giorgio-Brewer's book 'Is Elvis Alive?' never directly states that Elvis did not die back in 1977. But its shocking suggestion that he is still alive has divided fans into two enemy camps. Some have lapped up every word of Brewer's 'revelations' and started to see Elvis in all sorts of places, from burger restaurants to petrol stations. Others dismiss the author's ideas as total nonsense, designed only to make her rich.

WAS ELVIS AN FBI AGENT?

In December 1970, Elvis Presley wrote a letter to US President Richard Nixon. In it, he offered to help the government fight against drugs and Communism, and asked to be made a Federal Agent. On 21 December, the two men met and nine days later Elvis was shown around FBI headquarters. These events led to rumours that when the singer 'died', he really went undercover as an FBI agent in Indiana. In 1992, the American TV star Bill Bixby presented a programme called 'The Elvis Conspiracy - The Elvis Files' about this claim. Pollsters asked all the people who watched if they believed that Elvis was still alive. An amazing 79% said yes!



Evidence no: 17/4
 Elvis and President Nixon in 1970

Confidential

TRUE OR FALSE?

When stars die, people who have idolised them often find it difficult to accept their death. This probably accounts for the sightings of Elvis that have occurred over the last 20 years. Elvis's closest friends and advisors have always said that he is definitely dead. The claim that the singer is now working for the FBI also seems highly unlikely. Whatever the truth may be, for his fans 'the King' will live on in his music and films forever.



Evidence no: 17/5
 Vigil on the 20th anniversary of Elvis's death

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 1

The Shadows

Retold from the story by E Nesbit

It was a blustery winter's evening and my friend Harriet and I had been having a wonderful time, dancing all night at a party in a big country house. Exhausted, we made for our bedroom. We were sharing it with a girl called Isabella, who was three years younger than us, and with another girl whose name we did not know. She was already in bed in the dressing room that was

linked to the bedroom, as she had fainted earlier in the evening.

The fire warmed the room, which glowed in the light of the gas lamps and the candles on the mantelpiece. Even though the huge cedar branch outside our window scraped at the panes, we felt snug and safe. Soon we started to talk about ghosts, and each of us told a

ghost story. However, we always ended up laughing, as none of us believed in ghosts and the stories were really rather silly. Harriet had just finished her tale when we heard a single tap at the door. We looked at each other in surprise. Then Isabella bravely called out, "Who's there?"

Silently, the door opened. To my amazement, there stood the reticent figure of Miss Eastwich, my aunt's housekeeper and companion. "Come in!" we said in unison. But Miss Eastwich remained in the doorway, staring at us as if she were made of stone. After a few awkward minutes she started to speak.

"I saw that your light was still burning," she said, "and I wondered if ..." she paused and glanced at the dressing room door.

"It's all right," I answered quickly. "We haven't heard a peep from her. She must be fast asleep."

As Miss Eastwich was the most taciturn person I'd ever come across, I knew that there was no point in trying to make polite conversation with her. So I was just going to wish her goodnight when Isabella skipped across the room, flung a skinny arm round her neck and dragged her towards the fire, saying, "You look frozen. Come in and get warm. Would you like a cup of cocoa?"

Miss Eastwich's pale eyes lit up, and for the first time in my life I saw a real smile on her face as she nodded her acceptance. Isabella seemed to have pierced the housekeeper's apparent coldness with her kind offer.

"This is really most pleasant," Miss Eastwich remarked as she took off her hat and coat and stretched out her hands

towards the fire. Again I felt as if I were hearing her real voice – a softly-spoken voice – for the first time. I explained to her that we'd been telling old ghost stories, but that most of them ended so neatly – usually with a murder or a hidden treasure – that we just could not believe them. Also, no one we knew had ever seen a ghost. Suddenly, Isabella clutched Miss Eastwich's arm and said, "Oh do tell us a ghost story. I'm sure you know a perfectly horrid one."

Miss Eastwich hesitated, then replied, "Well, I do know one, but I imagine it would bore you."

I could see that she did not really want to tell her story, but Isabella insisted. Miss Eastwich looked at her imploring eyes, then said, more to herself than us, "It can't do any harm, I suppose. They don't believe in ghosts – not that it was really a ghost anyway – and they're all grown-up young ladies, not babies." Then she sank back into her chair and we all fell silent.

Softly, Miss Eastwich began to tell her tale. "Twenty years ago, when I was just a little older than you all are, I had two very good friends, Mabel and Edward. I loved them more than anything else in the world. Then they married each other. After that, I did not see them for a year or two. One day, I got a letter from Edward. In it, he asked me to come and stay because his wife was ill and he thought that I could cheer her up. He also said that their house, called The Firs, was gloomy, and that it was making him gloomy, too."

Miss Eastwich was staring into the flames of the fire. From her distracted expression, I could tell that she knew every

Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.



THE FACTS

E (Edith) Nesbit (1858-1924) is best known for her classic children's books, including *The Treasure Seekers* (1899), *Five Children – And It* (1902) and *The Railway Children* (1904). However, she also



wrote poetry, magazine articles and short stories, frequently on supernatural themes. In 1910, some of her ghost stories, including *The Shadow*, were published in a collection called *Fear*.

line of that letter by heart. Slowly, she continued.

"I set off immediately to their house in the suburbs of London. I was expecting an old, grey-stone house, half hidden by shady trees. But the cab drew up in front of a cheerful, modern house, whose garden contained only a few low shrubs. Edward met me at the door, thanked me for coming and asked me to forgive the past."

"What past?" interrupted Isabella.

I saw at once that Isabella had not understood how attached to Edward Miss Eastwich must have been, so I signalled to her to be quiet. Although Miss Eastwich was clearly flustered by the interruption, she managed to answer.

"Oh, I suppose he meant because they hadn't invited me to stay with them before. Anyway, I was very glad to be there. When I saw Mabel, who was pregnant, I could see that she was merely tired and perhaps a little excitable. It was Edward I was more worried about, as he seemed pale and distracted. As soon as Mabel went to bed that evening, I asked him what was wrong.

"Margaret," he said earnestly, 'this is a peculiar house, and if it weren't new, I would think it was haunted.'

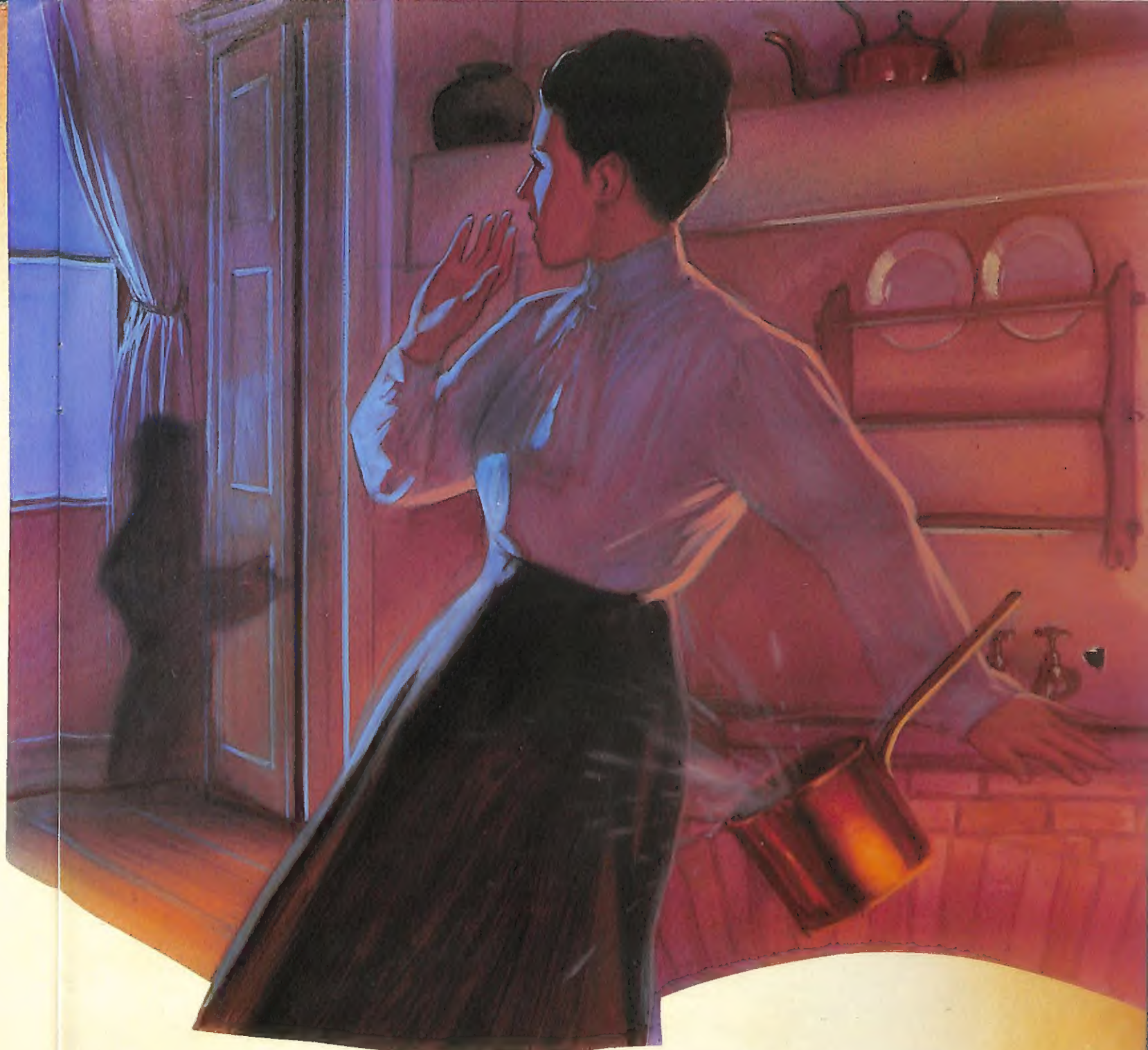
"I then asked him if he had seen or heard anything out of the ordinary and he gave me a very strange answer.

"No, but something is definitely following me about. I can sense it. But whenever I turn around, all I see is my shadow. Mabel mustn't know that anything's wrong – she's such a delicate creature, you know.'

"Edward's nerves were clearly on edge, so I suggested that he take Mabel away from the house for a while so that they could both enjoy a break. But he explained that he couldn't persuade her to leave, as she had just got everything in order. 'I daresay I won't feel so agitated now that you're here, Margaret,' he added. 'I'm deeply grateful that you've come.'

"So I settled in, helped Mabel around the house and tried to reassure Edward. The only problem was, I was beginning to feel ill at ease myself. I often had a powerful sense that something was behind me, particularly when I was on the stairs or on one of the corridors. But whenever I spun round, I could see nothing except my shadow. I was panicked by this sensation, which came upon me in daylight as well as at night.

"One evening I went down to the kitchen to heat up some milk for Mabel. While I was waiting for it to boil, I glanced around the darkened kitchen. A tall cupboard stood at the far end, its door partly open. In the gloom, I could just see the outline of someone crouching behind it. Thinking it might be Mabel, I called out her name. But then the grey shape darkened to black and seemed to flatten itself so that it lay like a pool of ink on the floor. I stood, frozen in terror, as I watched the pool contract, then flow back in towards the cupboard and vanish.



"I let out a loud scream, but then had enough sense to knock over the pan of milk. When Edward rushed in to see what had happened, I could therefore say that I had screamed because I had scalded myself. But he must have suspected something, because the next night, after Mabel had gone to bed, he said, 'Why didn't you tell me? It was in that cupboard, wasn't it? I've seen it too, and in other parts of the house as well. Now we both know that it is not just our imaginations.'"

WORD POWER

reticent – shy; not wanting to intrude

in unison – together

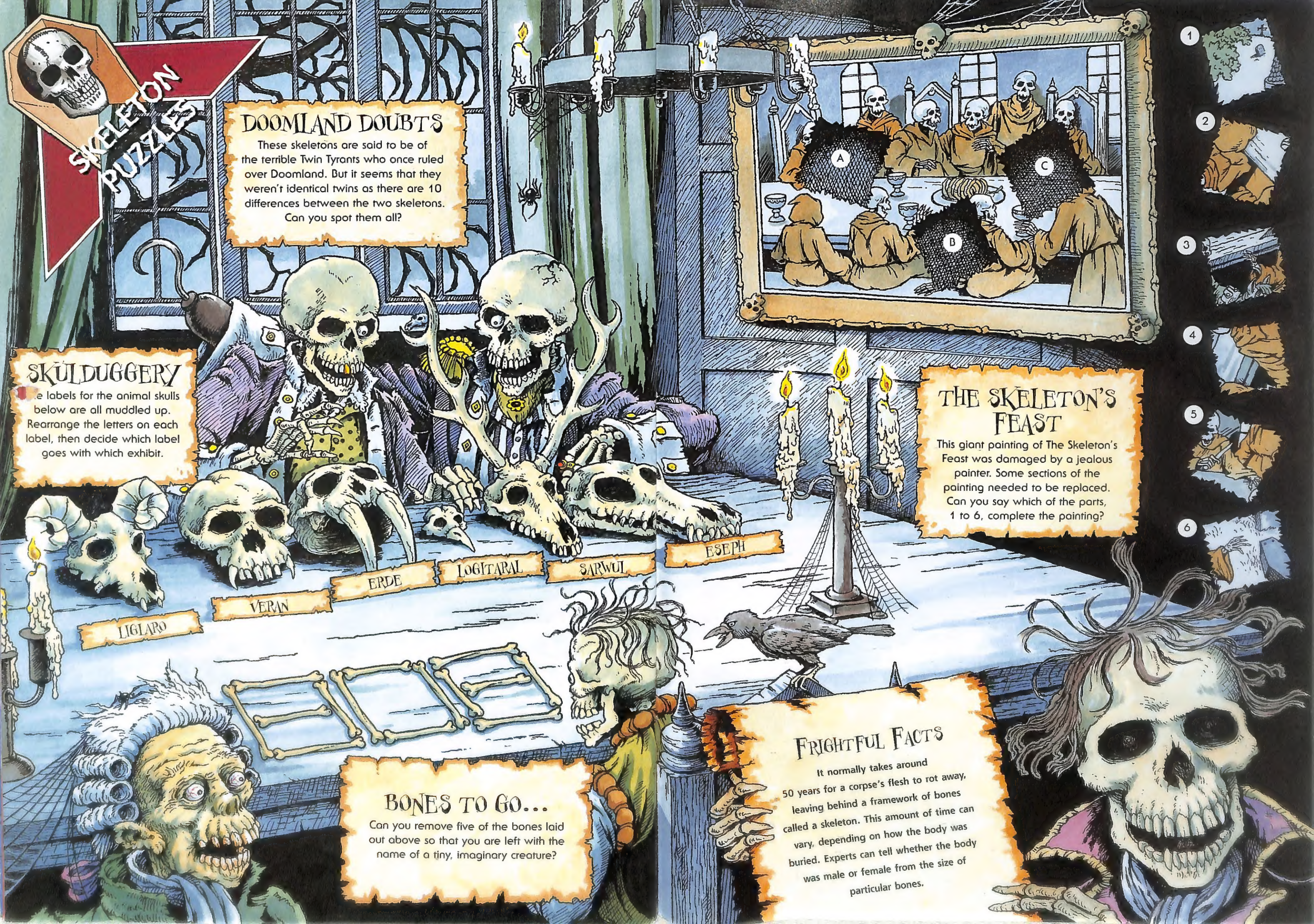
taciturn – unwilling to speak; silent

imploring – begging; pleading

distracted – bewildered; confused

contract – become smaller

NEXT ISSUE:
The shadow returns



DOOMLAND DOUBTS

These skeletons are said to be of the terrible Twin Tyrants who once ruled over Doomland. But it seems that they weren't identical twins as there are 10 differences between the two skeletons. Can you spot them all?

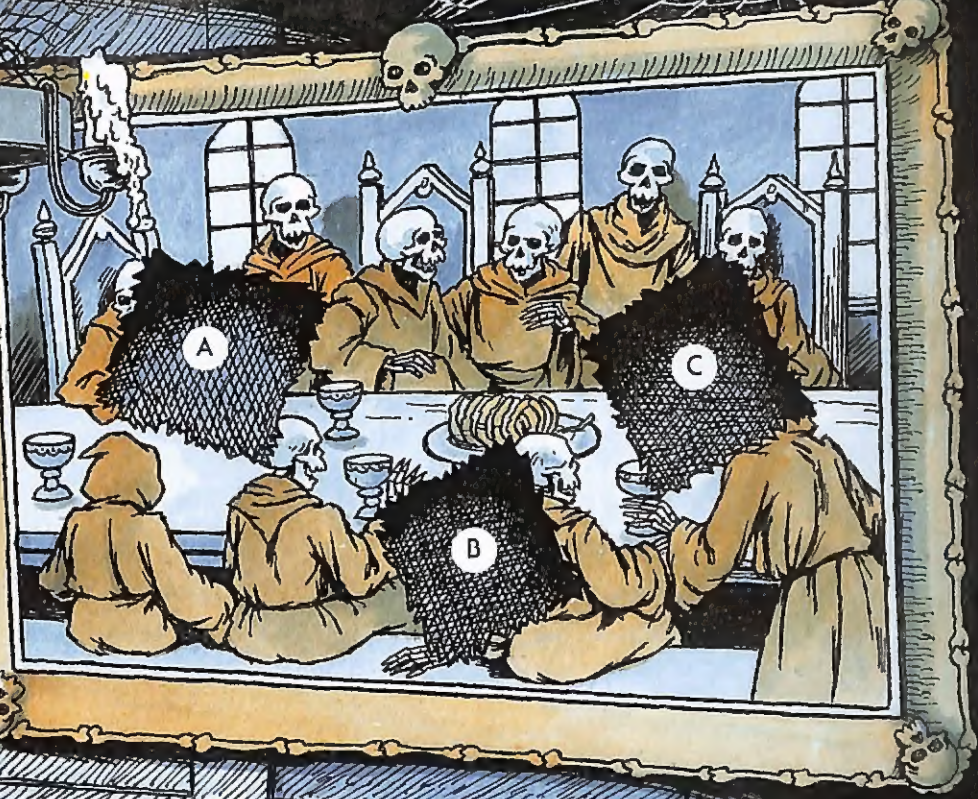
SKULDUGGERY

The labels for the animal skulls below are all muddled up. Rearrange the letters on each label, then decide which label goes with which exhibit.



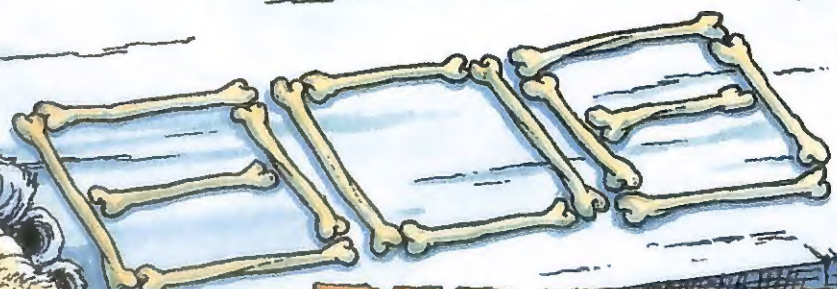
THE SKELETON'S FEAST

This giant painting of The Skeleton's Feast was damaged by a jealous painter. Some sections of the painting needed to be replaced. Can you say which of the parts, 1 to 6, complete the painting?



BONES TO GO...

Can you remove five of the bones laid out above so that you are left with the name of a tiny, imaginary creature?



FRIGHTFUL FACTS

It normally takes around 50 years for a corpse's flesh to rot away, leaving behind a framework of bones called a skeleton. This amount of time can vary, depending on how the body was buried. Experts can tell whether the body was male or female from the size of particular bones.



BODY PARTS WORDHUNT

Hidden in the grid on the right are the names of 25 bones and parts of the human skeleton. The words may appear forwards, backwards, up, down or diagonally. Tick them off on the list and mark them on the grid as you find them.

TEETH
PUBIS
TIBIA
ULNA
RADIUS
FEMUR
ILIUM
RIBS
SKULL
OSSICLES
PHALANGES
COCCYX
METACARPUS

METATARSUS
FIBULA
PELVIC GIRDLE
SACRUM
CLAVICLE
HUMERUS
PATELLA
VERTEBRA
CARTILAGE
JAWBONE
CRANIUM
STERNUM



BONING UP QUIZ

Can you decide if the following statements are true or false?

- The humerus is a bone in your leg. True or false?
- There are 27 bones in your wrist and hand. T/F?
- The lowest end of your spine is called the coccyx. T/F?
- When you frown, you use your sternum muscle. T/F?
- Eating parts of a dead human is still a common practice in certain parts of the world. T/F?
- Powdered animal bones are used in traditional Chinese medicine. T/F?
- An exoskeleton is what a human has. T/F?
- A crab has an endoskeleton. T/F?
- A skeleton key will open many different locks. T/F?
- A skelton staff is a ghostly group of workers. T/F?
- 'A skeleton in the cupboard' is a 'dark secret' T/F?
- A skeleton crossword has unnumbered squares. T/F?
- The game of jacks, also called fivestones, was once played with knucklebones. T/F?
- If you 'have a bone to pick' with someone, then you want to ask them round for a meal. T/F?
- A 'boneshaker' is a tribal witchdoctor. T/F?

ANSWERS

THE SKELETON'S FEAST: part 5 fits in space A, part 2 in B and 4 in C. SKULDUGGERY: from left to right, the skulls are of a sheep, a gorilla, a walrus, a rooster, a deer and an alligator. BONING UP QUIZ: 1 true; 2 true; 3 true; 4 false - the sternum is your breastbone; 5 true; 6 true; 7 false - humans have an endoskeleton, which means it's on the inside; 8 false - crabs and similar creatures have an outside skeleton, called an exoskeleton; 9 true; 10 false - a skeleton staff is a reduced staff who perform similar creatures have an outside skeleton, called an exoskeleton; 11 true; 12 true; 13 true; 14 false - it means that you want to criticize their words or actions; 15 false - it was the nickname for an early car with little or no suspension. DOOMLAND DOUBTS: the 10 differences are that the twin on the right has a hook, a ring on the left hand, the left eye missing, a crock in his skull, no shirt collar, a striped waistcoat, diamond-shaped buttons, no gold tooth and a tie pin.



BONES TO GO

BODY PARTS WORDHUNT



ASTROLOGY

Have you ever wanted to know what is going to happen to you in the future? Well, you're not alone. Every day, millions of people turn to the horoscope page of their newspaper or magazine to check their zodiac sign and find out what an astrologer predicts will happen to them in the next day, week or month.



THE SECRET SKY

People have studied the night sky for many thousands of years. The ancient Babylonians were the first people to chart the movements of the planets nearly 4000 years ago. At that time they believed that everything, including the Sun, revolved around the Earth. They noticed that the planets, and the Sun and Moon, moved within quite a narrow band of sky, and they studied the groups of stars (constellations) within this band. It took twelve months (moon cycles) for the Sun to return to its starting point in the sky. They identified the constellation that the sun travelled through each month and named each one after a mythical person or creature.

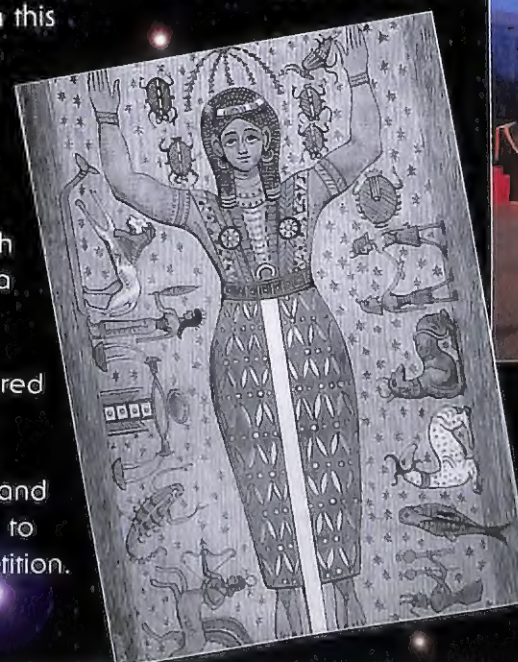
In ancient times, astrology and astronomy were considered to be the same thing. Today most astronomers - scientists who study the planets, stars and galaxies - consider astrology to be nothing more than superstition.

▲ COLOURFUL NIGHT SKY

A beautiful engraving from 1708 shows the signs of the zodiac and the stars they represent.

▼ ANCIENT SIGNS

Today's astrological symbols painted on an ancient Egyptian coffin.



SUN SIGNS

Astrologers believe that all people born when the Sun is travelling through a specific constellation or zodiac sign have similar personalities. For example, a typical Pisces - whose zodiac symbol is a fish - is likely to be a good swimmer; a typical Leo, the lion, is seen as courageous and proud. Astrologers also believe that the movement of the stars and planets affect what is happening on

earth. Since it is possible to predict the positions of the planets, they argue, it is also possible to predict future events on earth. For example, when Mars, the planet named after the mythical god of war, burns angrily it is a time for quarrels and even war!



▲ STAR GAZING

The Jantar Mantar Observatory in New Delhi, India, built in 1724 for studying the movement of the stars and planets.

WHAT SIGN ARE YOU?

It is very easy to find out what your zodiac sign is, you just need to know your birthday. Each sign has special characteristics – so check what it says about you.



FROM SKY TO SCREEN ►
In the past, horoscope predictions were made using complex charts (right), now computer programmes do the job (above).



ARIES The Ram

Birthday: 21 March – 20 April

Personality type: adventurous, go-getting, very direct, bold, overlooks details, impatient.

TAURUS The Bull

Birthday: 21 April – 20 May

Personality type: hard-working, patient, loyal, good-natured, enjoys luxury, possessive, avoids risks, stubborn.

GEMINI The Twins

Birthday: 21 May – 21 June

Personality type: lively, imaginative, flexible, quick to learn, restless, impatient, changeable.

CANCER The Crab

Birthday: 22 June – 23 July

Personality type: home-loving, cautious, likes collecting, romantic, moody, prone to jealousy.

LEO The Lion

Birthday: 24 July – 23 August

Personality type: exhibitionist, generous, leadership qualities, strong-willed, proud, dominating.

VIRGO The Virgin

Birthday: 24 August – 23 September

Personality type: inquisitive, precise, orderly, patient, adaptable, practical, perfectionist, interfering.

SCORPIO The Scorpion

Birthday: 24 October – 22 November

Personality type: shrewd, hard-working, forceful, has strongly held convictions, intense, demanding, easily hurt.

SAGITTARIUS The Centaur

Birthday: 23 November – 21 December

Personality type: fun-loving, adventurous, optimistic, versatile, trustworthy, impatient, restless, moody.

CAPRICORN The Goat

Birthday: 22 December – 20 January

Personality type: dutiful, patient, determined, practical, self-reliant, gloomy, authoritarian, scheming.

AQUARIUS The Water Carrier

Birthday: 21 January – 19 February

Personality type: unconventional, idealistic, imaginative, inquisitive, tolerant, unpredictable, touchy.

PISCES The Fishes

Birthday: 20 February – 20 March

Personality type: sensitive, easy-going, creative, shy, idealistic, romantic, impractical, lacking in self-confidence.

LIBRA The Scales

Birthday: 24 September – 23 October

Personality type: diplomatic, artistic, affectionate, romantic, indecisive, undisciplined, easily influenced.